Dear Ed, Hunckle/Ramparts/ Forewell America et al 11/25/74

Hinckle's stuff is spicy and entertaining, unflawed by accuracy or principle.

The combination becomes more provocative with each variation,each use. To the point where I find myself wondering about more than the variations, more than the use.

If Hinckle other than an articulate pixie having fun with all of us? Or has he with it a purpose or purposes?

"Give Us This Day Our Paranoia," from If You Have a Lemon, Make Lemonade, assures my continuing interest in answers, meaning in Hinckle and that crowd, if you see anything else. This came at a propitious moment. I started woodcutting for the season rather late, yesterday, did too much of it and had to rest, which gave me the opportunity and I read it.

It is not worth the time to compare this version of Farewell with the other fiction he wrote to promote his and Turner's theft of Pearl Gonzalez' work (The Ten-Second Jailbreak). Radical differences there are. So, is this his perverted sense of humor or is he in this also serving a purpose? The changes coincide with some of my comment on the mag. piece. However, they can also be found in contemporaneous memos on "Michel" who to Hinckle's knowledge used not that name in the US but "Herve Lamarre."

"Hill" did not operate under that name. He was "Rose." And he was so "supersecret" that I spotted him as a fink/poseur on first sight, which is faster than average. The Ramparts gang sought to deter exposure. And this was before any of what Hinckle claims to be the beginning (in both versions), the summer of 1968.It was February. That June, while Ramparts was still in a tizzy about this great find, for which all, including Hinckle, went very big, I exposed it from the internal evidence to Garrison, who was not happy with exposure.

I find interesting the consistent minor inaccuracies where they serve no purpose, as in the really funny business with the DA's convention. It was, in reality, even funnier than Hinckle, who was not there, says. I was there. With the crew Jim sent to be sure that the Monteleone (not Royal Orleans) ballroom-dining room was securely closed at dinner time. But what is fascinating here is that when hero Turner dumped a few spook types on Garrison, to which Garrison invited me to Turner's embarrassment, it was in the Royal Orleans.

For the most part outside the black-book part, the incidents and people are recognizable. But no account is straight. Some are mixed into one. Others are of a different time period (Haiti "invasion"- also my interview left in LA for transcription). The self-cleansing dishonesties I leave for shrinks and future publication by Hinckle, to which I look forward with increasing interest because he is increasing shaping himself to the mold of a spook and because his intrusion, meaning that of the whole Ramparts gang, was the major diversion of Garrison's futilities. It is not enough to say that Garrison needed no help because this greatest single drain on his resources and attention served as insurance, guaranteeing that no one would be able to intrude realities into his nightmare. The second major extrnal one, not counting "Boxley" who Hinckle is careful not to identify by his right name, was through this same "Hill", the Nagell fantasies. Rather than being the dashing cocksman "Hill" is portrayed, he was both conspicuous and timid. Quite by accident, via Minneapolis, I picked his trail on the Nagell diversion up through two girls he met in Mexico City without making a single pass. And then there was Ramparts "Underhill" story, not recalled by the omniscient Hinckle. Anddespite what he here writers, he did publish Eifton, in blatant plagiarism. The second outstanding Ramparts character in the assassination story is plagiarism. Turner was its chief thief, the career he had in the FBI, not that Hinckle soaped off in this chapter. ...So, thanks,

bbcs only: in filing I find my entire Hinckle file gone and except for a misfiled Gonzalez part,the entire Kaplan-Vidal file (The misfiled under "John" rather than "Joel") Also the entire deVosjoli file (I postulated his connections with Lamarre's project)SDECE file gone. Not time for further checking. Talk-shoe b'cast by phone any minute.